To the Inheritors of a World Without Hitler, By John Mason Brown

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Sergei Eisenstein
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"BIGFOOT WALLACE"
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"TIME AND THE TOWN"
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"THE SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT"
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"FOLLOW THE LEADER"
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Reviewed by Phil Stong

"ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY"
By Helen MacInnes
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SERGEI EISENSTEIN, in his "The Film Sense," reveals an "approach to the problems of the movies that makes most of the writing of our Hollywood movie-makers look like high school exercises." . . . *(See page 7)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

To the Inheritors of a World Without Hitler

A Letter to the Young

JOHN MASON BROWN

This article was adapted by Mr. Brown from his Commencement Address at Montana State University, at Missoula, Montana.

DO not blame yourselves for this dark present of which you are an inescapable part. If you are as wise as I trust you are, do not permit yourselves to consider it wholly dark. This present—this fateful, challenging, and appalling present—is wicked enough to lead a double life. For once even a moralist would have to admit that this is fortunate. This present is both an epilogue and a prologue. It is an epilogue to faults long uncorrected; to abuses winked at; to fatigues unresisted; to old disorders left uncured by those who had neither the will nor the strength to cure them. In short, this present has come justly upon us who are older, and unjustly upon those who are young, as a penalty for twenty years of ostrichism in the golden sands of a peace which had postponed a war rather than removed its causes.

Let the older ones berate themselves for what, with vision, they could have avoided. Do not waste your time berating them. You have other things to do, and few of them will get done by gathering at the Wailing Wall. It is for you to look upon these days which will ask so much of you, and which at first thought seem to offer you so little, not as an epilogue to the lives of addled elders, but as the prologue to your own living. What will come after depends not only upon what you do in the present but upon what you will demand of the future. God willing, you will continue to be Men—and Women—of Good Will. Don't despair too much because of what faces you in the coming relentless months. Cruel as the tests will be which fall upon you, do not forget that on a lesser scale, but to no smaller a degree in terms of personal choices and sacrifices, each generation has been forced to look upon the awful head of the Medusa. There has never been any escaping it. Your having been a part of those actions which will determine the future is something which you will neither resent nor regret. Unless in some way you are a part of this present, you cannot expect to be fully included in the future.

The world has changed almost beyond recognition in the last two decades. Furthermore, it will continue to change vastly and swiftly. And this leads me to my first deliberate platitude. Avoid as if it were the plague, which it truly is, that ossification of the mind which doctors do not count among the diseases but which is one of the commonest disorders of the lot. And one of the most fatal, too. It means death. Not death in the accepted sense; not the death which by its coming closes a life; and not that other fate, far worse than death, which in the old melodramas used to be an exclusively feminine prerogative. No. The death I am thinking of is the death which so often occurs long before life has been completed. I mean the death which can conquer a man's spirit before it has touched his body. I mean that rigor mortis which can overtake a mind supported by feet that still move, and turn the owner of this mind, without his knowing it, into a zombie. I mean, in short, that hardening of the interests and opinions to which so many mortals are subject.

—*Grano*

Make no mistake about it, most people die their saddest deaths not when they are ready for the mortician but when they permit their times to pass beyond them.

IT was such a death, in my own profession of criticism, that England's Clement Scott and our own William Winter died when, in the November of their days, Ibsen burst suddenly upon the scene, overthrowing the theatre as they had known it, heralding a new day, and threatening all their cherished orthodoxies. Although they fought him, and everything he stood for, and everyone who stood for him, with the zeal of gruff warriors, they could no more kill him than King Canute could command the waves to stand still. Ibsen's coming only exposed them to that cruel test to which most people sooner or later are exposed. They attacked his "Ghosts" and by so doing they were turned into ghosts themselves.

Don't think for a moment that it is only dramatic critics who can be discovered going about their jobs unburied at some moment of unsuspected testing, when they are confident that they are still very much alive. The same fate has overtaken doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves; statesmen and politicians, too; educators, also. All of us must be on guard against this bloodless hara-kiri.

You will meet, if you have not already encountered, many of the worshippers of *what was,* who shrink from participating in *what is,* and are afraid

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to contemplate *what is to be.* They spend their hours sighing over the good old days. Don't let them contaminate you. They are the people who feel short-changed if they are asked to face change of any sort. They are the status quo-ers; the foolish folk who waste the present and jeopardize the future by prattling on about the good old days, without having the sense to realize that the good old days are always those days which are safely beyond recall. They forget that the good days—the really good days—are the days of the present, when the blood runs warmly in the veins.

You may wonder how I have the audacity to speak of these horrendous times as the good days, when all of us are pinched and harrowed, and when the toll they exact from us all, and you in particular, is at once so immediate and so heavy. Darker times have never fallen on us as a people. Nor has anguish on so huge a scale ever been suffered by the world.

Surely these times through which we are passing, and which not all of us will survive, will be good only if good comes of them. In that sense alone can they in their full horror and brutality, their tragic waste, their calloused sympathies and their manifest inhumanity be counted good. One virtue they have, these days of stress appalling, aside from the deeds of heroism they have produced, spectacular or anonymous, active or passive. They have clarified the issues of our living. They have distinguished as clearly as between night and day between what is good and evil in the world. They have forced those of us who have enjoyed freedom to place new and proper value on it and to realize that its benefits cannot be taken for granted. They have made us larger by inflating us with interests greater than ourselves, by making us conscious of responsibilities we had ignored, by quickening and defining our hopes for what will follow.

Vice-President Wallace has spoken of the coming century as the century of the common man. Happily, everything points to his having been right and Vice-President at the same time.

What is more to the point, however, than old grievances, is what we trust will be *common* to all men in the years that lie ahead. For who knows but that, after the pain and stress of these cruel times, we may *at last* have the courage to catch up with our audacious forebears and live—actually live, not merely repeat as cant phrases for a Fourth of July oration or electioneering purposes—those principles of freedom and equality which they enunciated one hundred and sixty-six years ago.

Look into your hearts to see how much space is there occupied by your actual belief in what those Signers said, and make immediate room for more and yet more belief, and be sure it is the kind of belief which will lead to practice. This is your only chance, and the only guarantee we have that the days at hand will have been worth the pain they cost. One of the troubles with our country, and one of our national shames, has been that we have lived a lie; saying publicly we believe one thing to be true, and behaving privately as if we didn't. My hope is that we will stop excusing ourselves by insisting that the principles which our forebears enunciated were *ideals*—hence incapable of realization—and look upon their statements as *ideas* to direct and inform our living. Permit me to be somewhat clearer about that common man to whom we trust the century will belong. When I speak of the common man, I promise you I do not have in mind the Jeeter Lesters, the Joad families, or the John L. Lewises of this earth. God forbid that the common man should ever stay in such a tribe, just as God forbid that he should take Cafe Society as his goal. Rather, I am thinking of the proud, simple people of America; the people who have enough but not too much; the people as unnarrowed by actual want as they are unspoiled by excessive properties; the people who have Faith; the people to whom character is the most important of possessions; the people to whom a mind is something capable of independent use; the men and women who have known the joys of work, and its dignity; the productive people whose increment is earned; the self-reliant men and women to whom government relief is a last thought, not a first one; the mortals who still remain bipeds and individualists, and who face the inevitable vicissitudes of all living with fortitude and have not lost that blessed endowment, the American sense of humor.

Do not forget you are already in possession of something which is not yet common to all men and which thus sets you aside among the privileged. And this is a college education. It places graver responsibilities upon you than some of you, who are just freed from its restraints, would be inclined to admit. I do not blame you just now, with the last examination behind you, or you behind in it, if you are inclined to take your education lightly.

Unfortunately, on all sides you can encounter your elders who take their education even more lightly. This provokes me to another platitude. Do not think because you have been handed the skin of a dead sheep today that this will keep your minds alive tomorrow. Or that the process of learning can ever be eased save by an iron resolve to know, and then to under-

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stand. Or that education ever stops. Like democracy itself, to which it should have contributed far more than it has, education requires ceaseless caring, and is never done. This is one of the troubles with the world just now. This is one of the reasons why you find yourselves walking forth tomorrow into so ugly a present.

Your elders have not lived what they have learned. Theirs has been the fatal error of deeming culture to be a thing for the idle hour rather than a principle of life. They have brought different values to their reading and their living. They have segregated the wisdom of the past from the problems of the present. Just as many of them have put the tenets of their Christianity on a One-Day Week, so more, in a life centered only on their own advancement, have been tempted to follow Dr. Eliot's disastrous advice and put culture on a Half-Hour Day, if that. We must learn to place a higher value on it than this. We must learn to make it more common among the privileged, and a privilege common to all men. We must learn to respect our knowledge, such as it may be, and have it function in our living, not as a pale adjective, but as an active verb.

The fear of literacy has in this country all too frequently taken the place which in early New England was occupied by the fear of God. See what the average man—the average college graduate—does with his spare time. Observe how lost he is when he is unsustained by the routine offered to him by his office. Look at the book he carries with him on a train. Note with what contentment his adult mind dwells on the adventure of Little Abner, Mandrake the Magician, or Superman. Listen to him as he expresses his admiration for "Information, Please," with its emphasis only upon facts rather than upon their significance, as the end-all and be-all of culture rather than as a stimulating memory game played by experts whose memories are extraordinary. Eavesdrop on him when he is negotiating a conversation in terms of a vocabulary which he is afraid to admit includes more than six hundred words.

See how unnaturalized a citizen he is in the great world of the classics—if, indeed, he is willing to be known even as a transient there. Notice how, in pleasure's name and from a foolish fear, he avoids the toughening paths leading to those peaks, with their views, which are the masterpieces, and prefers instead to laze in the lowlands of the easy, the mediocre, and the topical, like a trained mountain climber who refuses to walk except in the valleys.

Hear him as he fumbles when he is rash enough to leave the particular for the general. And you cannot help sensing how maleducated we are as a people, in spite of all the brick and mortar of our endless spread of educational institutions with their many fine teachers and unfailingly fine janitors.

I mention education, not to attack it, but only because of what it could mean to us all in the coming years. I mention it especially because (and here's another platitude) there is only one property the title to which any of us can be certain of keeping in the decades ahead. And this is what lies within ourselves—that capital of information and curiosity, of understanding and enlightenment, of hunger and sharing, which, if once hoarded there, can never fail to pay a compound interest.

If the future belongs to the common man, as I for one trust and believe it does, let those of us see to it who have had the privilege of education that the levelling process will be up, not down. Let us despise mediocrity as much as we challenge privilege. Let us stop judging the world

(*Continued on page* 15)

"Homesick for a Future"

THE SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. *Two vols.: vol. I,* 483 *pp.; vol. II,* 487 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS review should be written in days of leisure, when a man might expatiate on the pleasure to be derived from these two volumes. Instead it is torn off in haste at a time when there is no leisure at all. Such as it is, one must say one's say swiftly.

In the old phrase, some critics have reproached Stephen Benét for not being Faulkner, or Hemingway, or Steinbeck. In an equally old one, I thank God that he is Stephen Benét, no other. Some persons have gone the length of denying his great lyric gift, because he doesn't accept their politics or their esthetics, as if either counted before God. There are others who regard the magnificent folk tales about Johnny Pye and Daniel Webster as if these inventions were harmless entertainment. Such persons no doubt think that "Chevy Chase" is a bit of picturesque archaism. And science should determine the dimensions of their bumps, which would have excited the curiosity of Charles Lamb—with an electronic microscope. Stephen Benét has his failures and longueurs. On occasion he has boiled the pot. But, to get rhetorical in the good old way, who is more imaginative? Who has spoken so aptly on subjects hard to be apt about? Who has known our pulse and rhythm better than he? In a time as cruel as this, what judgment so gentle and so just? Only fools will mistake that gentleness and justice for the weakness whose opposite it is.

Stephen Vincent Benét

The world has been burning, in Ebenezer Elliot's phrase, for two decades, as a coal mine burns underground. Lots of us didn't know it till the first flames licked out of the clefts. Then the yowl rose as the blighted prospect was forced upon the consideration of all of us. It is human to lament for lost Paradises, as has been noted before. But Stephen Benét never strikes the note of those homesick for a past that was never quite up to specifications. To be Irish, you might say he was homesick for a future that will, it is hoped, be full of people of his quality.

How satisfactory these volumes are! What a relief to find an author who doesn't maintain or imply that honorable behavior is a bore, that good taste is outworn convention, and that pathological sexuality is the only subject worthy the consideration of the intelligent. Nearly all the best of him is here, from "Spanish Bayonet" and "John Brown's Body" to "By the Waters of Babylon" and "Nightmare at Noon." Rereading does no harm to them. There are great pure stretches of poetry and prose full of verve.

If the half-literate savage, who, in Stephen Benét's fantasy, explores the ruins of New York happens on these two volumes, he will find out a good deal about us not altogether to our discredit. He will know the tang of the clean epic and suspect that not all of the tower-builders, whatever their fate, were wholly delivered to the worship of the God "Biltmore."

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A Virginian in Texas

BIGFOOT WALLACE, A BIOGRAPHY. By Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1942. 284 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by E. DEGOLYER

WHETHER or not Bigfoot Wallace is the favorite hero of Texans as is claimed by his most recent biographer, Stanley Vestal, is debatable. Let Mr. Gallup take the poll and advise us. More real than Paul Bunyan, nevertheless Bigfoot has always seemed to me to be of the heroic stature achieved by folk-lore rather than a historical character. I have never doubted that he lived and fought and died in Texas, but he has always seemed to belong to the half-alligator, half-man breed of cats—somewhere between Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. My only quarrel with the author, however, is over his attempt to preempt a first place for his hero in the Texas hall of fame. Otherwise, I am indebted to him for another vivid and entertaining tale of a vigorous and colorful character.

William Alexander Anderson Wallace, a tall gangling Virginian of twenty years who seemed to be mostly hands and feet but who was adept with the long rifle and dangerous with his knife for all of that and a born frontiersman, came out to the newly born Republic of Texas in the autumn of 1837. His brother Sam and his cousin William had been murdered at Goliad eighteen months before.

According to the author, Wallace's avowed purpose in making the journey to Texas was to avenge his kinsmen—to spend the balance of his days in "Killing Mexicans." If so, on the face of the record he appears to have been singularly unsuccessful. He was a great Indian-fighter but his Mexican score seems to have consisted chiefly in participation in the disastrous Mier expedition with almost two years of being captive to the Mexicans as a result thereof and in a brief three months as a lieutenant in Zachary Taylor's army during its march on and capture of Monterey. More likely it seems that the move to Texas was the response of a younger son to the common urge to seek adventure on the frontier.

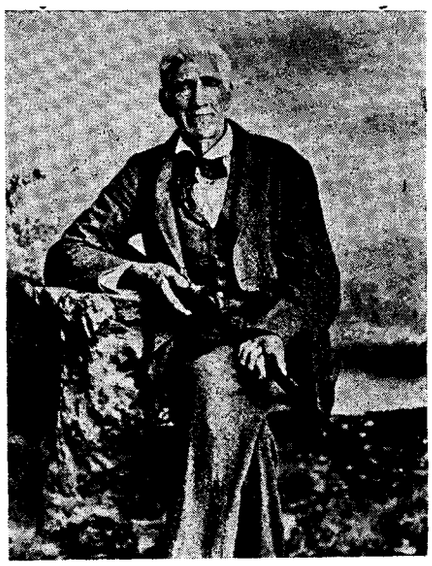
Wallace went to Bastrop, La Grange, San Felipe, and in the spring of 1838 he first saw San Antonio. The following year he moved to the newly-founded capitol of Austin and it was here that he acquired the attention-compelling name of Bigfoot from the nearness in size of his foot to that of the giant Waco chieftain, Bigfoot. It was here also that he first joined the rangers under their captain, Jack Hayes.

More than half the book is devoted to the story of the ill-fated Mier expedition, the imprisonment of the Texans which followed it, and the tragic drama of the black bean lottery at the Hacienda Salado, and it is a tale that rates the telling.

Almost two hundred of the Texans taken prisoner at Mier and being marched overland to Mexico City, barehanded and out-numbered, charged the troops which guarded them and won to freedom. This happened at the Hacienda Salado, beyond Saltillo on the Mexico road. Lost and dying of thirst, they were finally recaptured, returned to Salado, and decimated by order of the dictator Santa Anna. Each of the prisoners drew a bean from an earthen jar. Those who drew white beans were spared but the seventeen who drew black beans were shot within the hour.

Bigfoot drew a white bean. He continued on as a prisoner to Mexico City and Perote, from which he was released in August, 1844. He returned home by way of Vera Cruz and New Orleans. He was a policeman in New Orleans for a while, but was back in San Antonio and in the Medina River country the following year, again enlisting in the rangers. Aside from his Mexican war experience and a trip back to the East and Canada, he spent the rest of his life in southwestern Texas—San Antonio, the Edwards Plateau, and the Brush Country. He drove the mail stage between San Antonio and El Paso for several years, was a captain of rangers in the middle fifties, "had no use" for the Civil War. Still following the frontier, he died near Devine, Texas, in his eighty-second year, in 1899.

This is the story of a man.



Bigfoot Wallace

World Democrat

THOMAS JEFFERSON: WORLD CITIZEN. By Senator Elbert D. Thomas. New York: Modern Age Books. 1942. 271 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

SENATOR THOMAS, as most people know, is a true scholar in politics; a man of wide reading in many fields, and an expert in the languages, religions, and culture of the Orient. Throughout his mature life he has been an ardent admirer of Jefferson and "the promises which Jefferson's governmental, political, social, and economic theories offer to the world."

Francis H. Hirst has remarked that Jefferson was sometimes a Virginian, usually an American, and always a citizen of the world. His phrase about entangling alliances has been one of the weapons in the isolationists' arsenal; but actually Jefferson was less of an isolationist even than Woodrow Wilson, less of a narrow nationalist even than Benjamin Franklin. A believer in freedom, he held the faith that it would ultimately conquer the world. An apostle of democracy, he wished the United States to become a leader in spreading democracy throughout the globe. It is this phase of Jefferson's teaching which Senator Thomas emphasizes in his unpretending but timely volume. In his purely national thinking, Jefferson built upon Locke, Milton, and Harrington. But like Rousseau, he thought of the world as possessing essentially a unitary culture. The free man in a free society that he set up as his ideal was to live and prosper not merely in North America, but throughout the planet.

Senator Thomas treats of Jefferson the Cosmopolitan in a series of essays illuminating different facets of his democratic ideology. He discusses the relations of religion, education, political mechanisms, slavery, and revolution to Jefferson's basic idea of worldwide democracy. He points out how deeply and inveterately hostile the Jeffersonian philosophy is to the single-will state. And in a final essay on Jefferson as a world-citizen he emphasizes the support which a sane internationalism can derive from the writings of the leader who declared: "I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." It is a timely book, expounding a phase of Jefferson too often neglected.

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Erratic Genius

THE FILM SENSE. By Sergei M. Eisenstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 288 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

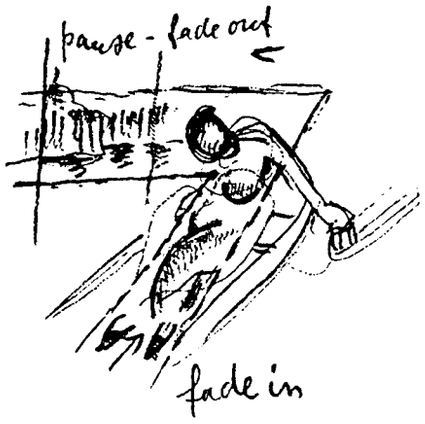
THIS is a book by a specialist for specialists. People who are truly interested in the problems of movie making should read it. Others might try their luck, if they want to meet a highly original though a bit erratic thinker who is equally at home with El Greco and eidetics, with Marx and music, with totalitarianism and trick shots. He makes no easy reading. His book is by no means systematic; it does not build up to certain definite results, but advances several fascinating theories. It picks out authors, painters, and their works, quotes them at length, and uses them to drive home his original, though occasionally bizarre, ideas. It shows that Eisenstein is a great director and a great thinker who has had little time to write.

I hope I shall not be accused of anti-Russian sentiment if I say that Eisenstein shows some of the typical shortcomings of Russian writers. Perhaps I should say better: of Russian Marxist writers. There is the relentless pursuit of a thought to its ultimate end until one feels that the thought is more than exhausted; there is the dialectic argumentation so heavily calculated that one is tempted to say the opposite holds true as well; there is the lack of proportion and simplicity. But there also can be discerned a deep and profound knowledge of the arts, a really penetrating mind, and an approach to the problems of the movies that makes most of the writings of our Hollywood movie-makers look like high school exercises. It must be remembered, that Eisenstein as director was not forced to battle with financial executives to whom psychology meant the knowledge of how to get people to the box office. Sergei Eisenstein takes the art of the film as seriously as one should, and his dicta are definitely worth careful scrutiny.

The book consists of six parts—a preface by the author, an introductory note by Mr. Jay Leyda, the translator and editor, four chapters by Eisenstein, some sequences from his movies plus some previous articles, and finally a bibliography with source material and an index. Eisenstein's foreword, written in a fast staccato, is interesting, but Mr. Leyda's notes are even more so. I wish, though, that Leyda had given for the uninitiated a more elaborate description of the Russian film, its unique function and structure, of the relations between Pudovkin and Eisenstein, etc. Mr. Leyda knows the history and specific character of the Soviet cinema. He was too modest to include more of his knowledge.

Eisenstein's first chapter is a surprisingly interesting treatise on the psychology of apperception that culminates in the statement that all arts use the principle of montage in order to achieve the desired results. His examples from painting, poetry, music, and acting are numerous but not convincing. Eisenstein, the movie director, sees, hears, thinks in terms of film sequences. But I doubt whether actors, for instance, proceed in the way he describes, which is 100% intellectual. And all examples of poetry are taken from descriptive poems, which, in the Russian director's analysis, become shooting scripts. Perhaps he is right and one can prove that Pushkin's epic poems used the montage technique. This, however, does not hold true for all poets. Even Eisenstein could hardly break down a piece by Baudelaire, R. M. Rilke, or T. S. Eliot into a shooting script. Pure lyrical writing is quite different from Pushkin's battle scenes and other widely quoted works.

The following chapter, called "Synchronization of Senses" is, I think, the best one. Not only because numerous examples of Eisenstein's own films reveal the enormous scope of his talents, but because his remarks on the "polyphonic structure" of good film sequences are striking and should be kept in mind by all the people who make our movies. His ideas cannot be explained here in detail, but they would doubtlessly lead to an intensification of film making, to a more thorough planning of film composition. His "Vertical montage," over-planned as it may be, would bring about a closer coöperation between music, sound, rhythm, and image by which our movies would be tremendously enriched. One tenth of Eisenstein's ingenious thoroughness would stimulate many an anemic product to full-blooded vigor.



—From the book.

A working sketch by Eisenstein in connection with his development of the "Inner Monologue" in the sequence from "An American Tragedy."

It is with color in general and their meaning that Eisenstein deals in the next pages. Here, I confess, I was more than puzzled. After having proven that yellow, for instance, has an ambivalent character and can mean either a healthy golden glow (the Sun) or, more frequently, cowardice, designating cuckolds and generally unpleasant things, he concludes his chapter by saying that there are no fixed relationships between color and meanings, that each epoch has different color associations, and that "Art has extremely little in common with such purely physical relationship." Much ado about yellow.

In "Form and Content: Practice," Eisenstein, after having given a nice ovation to Disney, explains and analyzes his "Vertical montage," the complete synthesis of music, rhythm, and image as applied in a sequence of his "Alexander Nevsky." Highly technical, this chapter is nevertheless very valuable because it reveals the inner workings of one of the few creative minds of filmdom in the most lucid manner. The importance he attributes to music in the movies will probably appall our production czars who, as a rule, are content with having the unhappy composer fit the "mood" of a scene.

But although Sergei Prokofieff wrote the music for "Alexander Nevsky," although Eisenstein used determinedly the color white for the Teutonic invaders and black for the Russian defenders, although the sequences have unquestionably reached the utmost in technical and montage perfection, I still contend that "Alexander Nevsky" is no masterpiece at all; the silent "Potemkin" by the same creator is much better, and that all theories and speculations do not help a bit in the making of a movie, if the creative spark is lacking. This does not mean in the least that intellect necessarily kills the creative impulse. It would be a blessing if Hollywood found time, in between the re-making of Hungarian triangle dramas and the celluloid emasculations of daring bestsellers, to discuss some of the principles that govern the art of the moving picture.

It is here that we must be grateful to Eisenstein and his editor, Mr. Leyda. All too few books are written that treat this most popular and unique phenomenon, the film, as seriously as it deserves. The lack of informative books on the esthetic, sociological, and philosophical aspects is deplorable, while we have plenty on the financial, sociological, and statistical angles. As a document of the unique position and qualities of the Russian film, Eisenstein's work is to be welcomed today more than ever.

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THE SABOTEURS

THIS editorial has nothing to do with literature per se, but, the times being what they are, anything having to do with the story of America, 1942 A.D., ought to be fair game in this column. This is merely a clumsy way of grasping at an excuse for the need to let off some non-literary steam.

By the time this issue appears, the military commission trying the cases of the German saboteurs will have announced its decision. Unless there is some startling evidence not yet made public, seven of the defendants will be given the extreme penalty, while the eighth will receive a lesser sentence as a reward for having turned government witness. Thus one of the most sensational stories of this war will ostensibly have come to a close.

But only ostensibly. Actually, the repercussions and reverberations may not die down for a long while to come. For, quite apart from the quick chill which ran through all America when the astounding news was announced of the submarine landing of the saboteurs, the events surrounding the trial itself have left a sour taste in the mouths of many Americans which cannot easily be removed. It is difficult, in fact, to think of any aspect of the trial which did not leave a puzzled or negative impression.

Public bewilderment got off to a flying start when the Army Commission, in the early days of the trial, unceremoniously rebuffed a representative from the Office of War Information, whose director was anxious to keep the public supplied with news consistent with military expediency and the necessity to keep information channels as open as possible in a democracy. But, if the public was confused at the peremptory manner in which the army laid down its news policy in apparent contradiction of the authority vested by the President in the Office of War Information, the confusion was worse confounded when the entire case had to be argued before the Supreme Court to determine whether the defendants were entitled to civil trial before a civil court, with all the due considerations of civil liberties thereof. In particular, access was sought to the courts for the purpose of obtaining writs of habeas corpus—the very backbone of our civil liberties.

The story of this appeal thereupon burst into print, accompanied by long columns of elaborate legal briefs arguing the case, with all the trappings and ceremony and prolonged protocol that go with presentations before the Supreme Court, which was asked to decide whether the President was correct in assigning a military trial. After several days, the Supreme Court rejected the appeal, and to its credit it must be said it did it with a brevity and a matter-of-factness that stood out sharply against the involved, repetitious arguments brought before it.

We don't hold with the apparently not inconsiderable number of Americans who argue that the saboteurs should have been given a short hearing of an hour or so in order to establish identity, then taken out and shot forthwith. There is no need to imitate the enemy in this respect, even though no one questions what Nazi Germany would do in similar circumstances. But it is quite another thing to go to the other extreme. Rarely have we had such a clear case of the reductio ad absurdum applied to democratic justice. For the better part of a month the trial was drawn out, climaxed with a highly formalized appeal before the highest court in the land.

What is at issue here, basically, is a conception of the very meaning of the form and substance of democratic justice. There is no need to make an ostentation out of democratic procedure. There is no need to get tangled up in our own feet and fall all over ourselves in an effort to carry out the routine forms of democracy. It is almost as if we had said: "Ah, here are saboteurs in our midst. Here is a good chance to go to town with democracy. Let's really pour it on—long trials, appeals to the highest court in the land—everything."

But democracy isn't something to be turned on and off like a garden hose. It doesn't have to be exhibited in profusion to prove it exists. You don't have to dangle your saboteurs before you and poke them with democracy to prove to them they are having a fair trial. There was no need for a summary execution, but there was similarly no need to make a farce out of justice, when everyone knew at the very start of the trial what the outcome would be. If the saboteurs *actually had a chance,* it would be different, but they didn't; we knew it, and they knew it. At the basis of true justice is the possibility that the accused may be found innocent and freed. But there was no such real possibility here, nor could there be by the very nature of the case.

It may be argued that the peculiar circumstances of this case should not blind us to the principle involved; that it is precisely at times of emergency and public clamor that the judicial system must be most impartial. What, it may further be asked, have we got to fall back upon if not the forms of American justice—the Constitution, the courts, the regular processes of law and order?

We do not see that these questions are pertinent to the case at hand. Nor do we see that the cause of justice is served by attempting to make it work in ways it was never intended to work. Moreover, let us not make the mistake of serving the forms of democracy at the expense of the substance. For all that has kept American democracy together until now—and democracy is nothing more nor less than this—is not so much the Constitution and the other forms of our democracy as it is the will of a free people to remain free. Not documents or fancy speeches or legal briefs, but the substance of democracy as found in the people themselves.

N. C.

Map-Makers

By Harry Kemp

DESPITE cartography their passion is
To find in barest maps a richer bliss
Than sober boundaries, proper sites to draw;
Their maps show emerald cities without flaw;
Here Troy burns, vanquished by a woman's kiss;
Here fabled lands which seldom travellers saw
Keep no frontiers to poets' ecstasies;
Here wait the Seven Cities of Cibola;
Here golden India stands against the sun
Next naked isles of spice and cinnamon:
Hence generations of successive youth,
Made glorious with the passion and the pain
Where still the Phoenix shines, the Greater Truth,
Resume Arabia and her fire's disdain!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Intellect and Character

SIR:—In your issue of July 25, Katherine Grant Sterne quotes from Ordway Tead's review of my "The New Belief in the Common Man" the passage:

> The common man is trustworthy because he is, in the aggregate, a man of character rather than of intellect . . . In the forming of political judgment, character is more important than intellect . . . intellect interferes with character.

She does not pretend to have read the book, or even those parts in which this topic is discussed, but comments upon the passage without further ado to the effect that these statements are "the exact opposite of the truth." She then proceeds to "discredit the witness" as it were by imputing to me the "essentially German dichotomy between intelligence and character." But her further remarks about "thinking with the Good" (*sic*—though she must mean "blood") and so forth clearly show that she would have done well to find out what I set down as the essence of character. On page 33 I state:

> Character, the dictionary tells us, is "moral vigor or firmness, especially as acquired through self-discipline." A man of character is a man who knows his values, or at least senses his values and sticks by them. He is a man who seems consistent in his actions, who follows certain principles.

What could be further from the vicious Nazi doctrine of "thinking with one's blood" than that notion of character? The fact I am concerned with is that intelligence readily provides rationalizations for evading the jams which our principles and convictions confront us with. There is a story in Ignazio Silone's "Bread and Wine" that illustrates well the lack of character of many an intellectual. The hero meets a former friend, a democrat before the advent of fascism, who has adjusted himself to the new situation. To meet the reproach that he has been unwilling to make sacrifices, he exclaims: "But, my friend, I have made the most terrible sacrifice. For what is more precious than one's convictions? And I have sacrificed them," or words to that effect.

There is an old joke in regard to the Nazis which further brings out what is at issue here. "You cannot be," so it was often stated, "three things at once—a Nazi, a man of intelligence, and a man of character." "Why?" "Because only two of them go together." "For if you are a Nazi, you must be either stupid or a scoundrel." We might add: "Or both." For what your letter writer finally overlooked, was that the danger which lurks for character in intelligence is not inescapable by any manner of means. A whole chapter is devoted to discussing precisely this need of building character along with intelligence in a free country. What we need is the balanced personality in which character and intelligence are in equipoise. This chapter, your non-reading letter writer might be interested to know, is headed by that grand sentence from Thoreau: "How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?"

The moral of it all: read books first—then write letters about them.

C. J. FRIEDRICH.

Cambridge, Mass.

" . . . and a royalty on your book of 50% on all copies over 1,000."

SIR:—In her criticism of Professor Friedrich's defense of the common man, Miss Sterne confuses intellect and intelligence.

They are *not* identical. Intelligence is mind ordered to practical, concrete issue. Intellect is mind ordered to abstract issues.

In saying that the common man represents character rather than intellect, it is quite certain that Professor Friedrich was not imputing to the common man any lack of *intelligence;* and Miss Sterne's insistence that character and intelligence are correlates in no way clashes with his statement.

Intellect is a horse of another color. It by no means connotes lack of character, and of course Professor Friedrich did not imply that it does.

The matter is one of emphasis, not of contrariety. Because the common man's mind is ordered to practical issues, I understand Professor Friedrich to say, therefore he is equipped by what Aguinas called *habitas* to pass upon practical political issues.

Specialization of function usually, though not always, makes for diminished accuracy of vision outside the field of specialization.

It is here that Professor Friedrich's thesis finds corroboration in the life of the people to whom we owe the word Democracy, and the fact Democracy.

While the Greek intellect laid the foundations for most later learning, the Greeks, according to Sir Alfred Zimmern, knew nothing of our emphasis upon professions, an emphasis inevitably deforming, and never permitted a profession to absorb their total energy.

It should be remembered also that most of the men and women who sat in the Diorysia and passed upon the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were illiterate. But they were not therefore lacking in intelligence *or* character.

"If you wish to find men like the Greeks of the Classical period," remarks Sir Alfred Zimmern, "you should not look for them in the ranks of Greek professors or archaeologists, but among untutored herdsmen and other types living close to nature."

Since it was to such men we owe the word Democracy and the fact Democracy, I imagine Professor Friedrich is not wrong in accounting them dependable guardians of Democracy.

For the *real* fly in the amber of modern democracy, we must look elsewhere. The Greeks put life and learning first. *We* put wealth first.

Read Professor Alfred Zimmern's "Greek Commonwealth" if you wish to grasp how thoroughgoing has been this reversal of value by our modern civilization.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.
160 East 46th Street,

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The Provincetown Saga

TIME AND THE TOWN: A Provincetown Chronicle. By Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: The Dial Press. 1942. 372 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR B. TOURTELLOT

NOMINALLY the chronicle of one American town's odyssey through three centuries of existence, this understanding and often beautiful story of Provincetown is also the record of a sensitive woman's life and an informal and not unwise commentary on the restless, confused era through which she has lived. For Mary Heaton Vorse, who went to Provincetown thirty-five years ago for a holiday and has lived there ever since, made no withdrawal from the world. She saw that world as it was reflected in the cosmopolitan little fishing village at the tip of Cape Cod; and reflected it was, occasionally with distortion and exaggeration (as in the boisterous 1920s), but always with a depth and intenseness rare indeed in small communities.

We see the town as it was in its heyday, its industrial halcyon long before oil fields were developed in America and when whale-oil found a very thirsty market. And then, accepting the challenge thrown to it in the 1800s by the inland oil fields, Provincetown still sent its ships to the sea, where they became fishing fleets off the suicidal George's Banks. It was in those rough days that the sinews of the town became toughest, and iron men in wooden ships was far more than a well-turned phrase. As the soul of the town became tougher, harder, and ever more uncompromising, the rugged, windburnt faces of the fishermen were well matched by the stern, disciplined emotions of the women of Provincetown, who learned how to control grief and uncertainty. Provincetown was a brave town and an uncomplaining one, its people demanding nothing for which they did not work or suffer. And its reward was sufficient, for Provincetown learned to conquer Change without either defying or denying it.

This last is virtually the thesis of Mary Vorse's book, and it seems also to have communicated itself to her own life. It was not easy for one who loved Provincetown to watch the influx of unimaginative, phony artists and cheap commercializers. It was not easy to see the town's varied and sound pattern of life glossed over, however ephemerally, by the flashy veneer of the jazz age with its rum-runners, shoddy affairs, and shrill shouting. Nevertheless, Miss Vorse has retained her perspective consistently throughout the book, and nowhere is she unable to separate the genuine from the spurious, the lasting from the transitory. You will find here in this volume, parts of which are quite beautifully written, choppy and fragmentary sections dealing with the outsiders who came to Provincetown to paint; and, though you may well wish that these sections were more smoothly integrated with the book as a whole, you will feel that those few genuine artists who loved the place and accomplished much there were ample compensation for all the less gifted who invaded the town merely because it was the popular thing to do. Indeed, during its height as an art colony, Provincetown produced much that was worthwhile and sheltered many, artists, writers, and actors, whose talents have been of a high order.

But the quality of Provincetown art proved as shifting as the dunes that continuously alter its coastline, and the satisfying thing is that the town was able to cope with this change, too. It was able—as it had been all through the years—to adjust itself without sacrificing its spirit, its sea-rusted core of iron. Thus, though there were fights between traditionalists and modernists among the artists, between Yankee Congregationalists and Portuguese Catholics among the inhabitants, and perennial disputes between liberals and conservatives on beach attire and shorts in the streets, Provincetown has never become ridiculous, wishy-washy or tawdry. It has maintained its dignity. And always it has dealt with such things as it has with the sea—necessarily aware of them, modified by them but never really conquered or permanently scarred by them.

Reading this book gives you a sense of permanency in a swiftly changing world.

—*From the jacket drawing.*

"You Have Been Listening to..."

By Adin Ballou

WORDSWORTH, you should be living at this hour!—
For I have need of you, and your desire
To sit with barren silence by a fire
While in a still heart the Muse comes to flower.
Now, as I seek to write an ode, I cower
Away from vibrant voices that no lyre
Could e'er outsoar—O for the gold to hire
A soundproof room deep in an ivory tower!

The world is but one wave length; late and soon
Some radio rasps its voluble bestowing;
A commentator booms, his larynx flowing
In sounds unlike a hidden brook in June:
Great Pan! would I were on some pleasant lea
Where the lark sings—and never XYZ!

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Davis . . .

FOLLOW THE LEADER. By Clyde Brion Davis. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1942. 525 *pp.* $2.75

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

IN "Follow the Leader," as in "Sullivan" and notably in "The Great American Novel," Clyde Brion Davis has again devoted himself to telling the life story of a "little" man. And again the reader may find it hard to understand his obsession with the small, flat, and dull people of the world.

That he paints them so realistically scarcely mitigates the crime. His hero, Charles Valentine Martel, the feeble, rabbity mama's boy in the family of a small-town newspaper man, is so painfully familiar a figure that the reader is likely to shy from him as one shies from pipsqueaks in real life.

It is only the fluency and subtle charm of Mr. Davis's style that beguiles one into wading through the first two hundred and fifty pages of this five-hundred-page novel. These tell the story of Charley's childhood and adolescence in Pabuloma, Missouri, in the early years of this century. Against a background of domestic interiors, clothes, food, customs, and mores relentlessly detailed runs the thin thread of Charley's small activities and ignoble terrors. Charley cannot even search for a simple bicycle pump without eliciting a passage like the following:

> After the bright sunshine, it was difficult to see in the dusky barn but he pawed around in a corner where there was a stack of spades and potato forks and assorted hoes and a new rake and an old rake with a broken handle and two sections of garden hose and a rusty lawn mower and a sickle and a scythe and three trowels and two sprinkling cans and a box of moldy tulip bulbs and two pairs of lawn shears, one very rusty and the other not quite so rusty, and a box containing one big bucket of paint and two smaller cans of paint, all of them open and dusty and gummy, and a big paintbrush and a little paintbrush, both uncleaned and gummy with paint of indeterminate color, and an old parrot cage with a rusty bottom, and a big old black-enamel tray with pink flowers painted on it. *But he couldn't see the bicycle pump."* (Italics by reviewer).

This reader submits that, even if the bicycle pump had been there, such a catalogue is a bore.

So low-pitched is the key of this first half of the book that even the episode of Charley's sister's being burned to death by gasoline, though well-done in itself, hardly makes a hump in the monotony.

And all of this is a great pity, for the book will lose readers in this first section, and the readers will lose a superb piece of writing that follows it. For suddenly, praise be, on page 250 the draft of World War I grabs Charley, and the reader, at first glowing with sadistic satisfaction, is swept up into genuine excitement and sympathy by the account of his camp life, his hair-raising experiences on a transport ship, and his final absurd, though perfectly possible, exploit at the front.

These one hundred and forty pages about the war compensate for all that has gone before, and almost make up for what comes after, when in the last fifth of the book Charley rises from the springboard of war heroism to the plane of automobile magnate, furnace manufacturer, philanthropist, political pundit, and finally dollar-a-year man invited by President Roosevelt in a chummy telephone call in 1941 to come to Washington and win the war.

That such a flabby fellow could become a tycoon (Mr. Davis's word) may strain the credulity, but an uncarping spirit is necessary if one is to follow the course of Clyde Brion Davis's homely fairy-tales. It is even necessary to accept the egregious implausibility that Charley's father, a narrow, illiterate, and fuzzy-minded man, could write a book settling the economic problems of the world that would manage to sell a hundred thousand copies.

The First Work of Non-Fiction by the author of

THE DEATH OF THE HEART

Elizabeth Bowen's

BOWEN'S COURT

IT was in 1649 that the first Bowen, a grim, godless, ghost-ridden colonel in Cromwell's army, came from Wales to Ireland. Like other leaders of the Covenanters, he won large holdings of Irish land and a secure place in the new Protestant gentry. A hundred years later another Bowen erected on those same lands the great stone house which has been the home of the Bowens ever since. Around it this book is written.

IN these pages the latest of the Bowens tells the full story of her countryside, her family, and the Ireland of which they are a part. It is a tangled, tragic story; for the Protestant Ascendency has been Ireland's cross, and the Bowens, Protestant gentry, could never live entirely apart from the political storms that swept their unhappy island. Thus the story of the Bowens perforce involves such mighty figures as Sarsfield, Grattan, Wolfe Tone, Dan O'Connell, and Parnell, and the bitter struggles for justice to the Irish in which they played their part.

HERE is history made alive and fascinating by its relation to one family. Here too is a vivid insight into the mind and background of one of our greatest writers, and a fresh evidence of her rare and many-sided talent.

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MacInnes . . .

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 373 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

ABOUT a year ago Helen MacInnes published her first novel, "Above Suspicion." It was the story of an unsuspecting British couple who more or less unwillingly carried out a secret mission in Germany shortly before the war. The book was a deserved success; it had color and atmosphere, a good dose of that reassuring British humor, and a note of freshness that distinguished it from other novels of its kind. In short, it was the real thing.

Now Miss MacInnes has written her second book, and again it is all about a secret mission, this time in Nazi-occupied France. Again it is an entertaining, thrilling story, but all the freshness has gone. You are disappointed to feel that it is merely the old story in a new guise, all trimmed up for another success which it may or may not have along the lines of the first. The author employs a bagful of stale tricks, starting off with her hero's twin-like resemblance to a wounded young Briton whom Dunkirk cast off to England's shores. The British Intelligence finds this resemblance rather handy and decides to drop the twin-like counterpart (our hero, as you have guessed) over Brittany by parachute to have him gather military information. But this, the changed identity, is only the first, though oldest, of the tricks. There is, for instance, a neatly compiled list of the most important Nazi agents of the district which our hero can hardly avoid stumbling upon, and then, of course, the inevitable short-wave transmitter by which he can send his findings to England. There also is an alluring platinum-blonde, the usual crowd of heel-clicking Gestapo officers, and the clean, honest peasant girl who provides the element of true love.

The delightful sense of humor, so apparent in the first book, seems to have deserted the author. Every bit of the story, every sentence, is deadly serious. It is just another thriller and that, perhaps, is the most disappointing thing about it.

Young . . .

A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE. By F. Brett Young. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IT must be some ten years ago that Mr. Brett Young published a volume containing a short story called "A Busman's Holiday": it was a "thriller" in which the would-be murderer is foiled by a doctor. The scene, I think, was in Wales. Mr. Young has now taken much the same plot—two sisters, one dominating, the other obstinate, a trusted man-servant who marries the dominating sister, and then suspicion, the *Medicus ex machina*, and the foiled murderer finding refuge in a suicide that can be passed off as an accident. In the story the psychology of the three seemed unlikely: and it is no more likely in this novel. Only in "A Man About the House" Mr. Young, by transferring the scene to South Italy, has so indulged his own nostalgia for that entrancing country and its people that critical judgment is suspended, and the lover of Italy will just wallow in the lush descriptions of the countryside, chuckle at the satire of the absurd and insolent types of the resident English, so permanently transitory, and the occasional Americans, so transitorily permanent. Here in short is a novel which can be enjoyed for its background and its marginal notes; a slight enough affair, it is as easy to read as it must have been easy to write. There are carelessnesses unusual in Mr. Young—the period at which his story opens, in "North Bromwich," or Birmingham, is very vague. A local builder speaks of electric wiring and central heating; the wealthy have automobiles, it is just before the Boer War; and "everybody has been reading 'Plain Tales from the Hills.'" This gives one a stretch of some sixteen years for the few months in which the luckless, lucky Misses Isitt settle into the Cedars before they inherit bad Uncle Ludovic's property in Monfalcone, where the fairy-story melodrama occurs. But there, "A Man about the House" is a fairy-story, and its chronology must not be too closely examined.

Brett Young

Green . . .

THE LADY IN THE MASK. By Anne Green. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 336 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

MANY writers go about reconstructing an historical period earnestly, industriously, meticulously, but few do so with gusto and amusement. That is what sets "The Lady in the Mask" apart from the general run of historical novels. Anne Green appears to enjoy renaissance Italy. She understands the time and the people and feels at home there.

In her foreword, the author gives a resumé of the political situation of the time. What is more important, she adds her philosophy about renaissance people, which explains her approach to the book. "I have tried to suit the psychology of my characters to what I believe to be their own tempo. Renaissance men and women seem to me etched in black and white without any of our fine shadings. Healthy, lusty bodies housed eager curious minds centered on the present, determined to enjoy it. With few exceptions, they had no curiosity for death but a strong taste for life. They hated and loved wholeheartedly. They loved and were happy, parted and were inconsolable. Inconsolable until something else engrossed them." This is a good description of her method in "The Lady in the Mask." It, too, is etched in black and white and the characters are given to strong loves and strong hates.

The time is 1494. The story turns on the plots and intrigue of the court of Duke Ludovico Sforza, ruler of Milan. Miss Green has thought up a fine villain, a rogue and a rascal named Gregorio. Through his scheming, he becomes involved in the romantic life of beautiful Simonetta, the lady in the mask. From then on, we have a series of highly romantic adventures, ranging from an encounter with the plague through plots and counter-plots, captures and escapes. It is a lively chronicle which the author manages to give a hearty, exuberant quality.

We are used to seeing Renaissance tapestries when they are old and faded. This is the tapestry when it was new, the colors bright, even cheerfully garish, the woven figures clear and distinct, the pattern lively. The author—and this is an achievement for any historical writer—writes about the period as though it were the present, not the past.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Terrell . . .

PLUME ROUGE. By John Upton Terrell. New York: Viking Press. 1942. 498 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARIAN E. WAGNER

FOR all its romantic background and dramatic action, "Plume Rouge" is grimly reportorial in its account of the adventures of a band of fur-trapping pioneers—Americans, French Canadians, and half-breed Indians, plus the addition of one Negro —who, together with the wives and squaws of some of them, are pictured as comprising an early expedition after Lewis and Clarke to the Pacific Northwest, and the first expedition intent on making a permanent American settlement on the Columbia.

Traversing an uncharted route, their unexpected encounter with desert plains, gameless mountain reaches, and impassable rivers, forces them to change their mode of transportation from river-boat to horseback to canoe to foot, at a time when, weakened by thirst, heat, famine, freezing temperatures, and subjected to the menace of hostile Indians and wild animals, they are at the point of greatest exhaustion.

Benton MacKenzie, known as Plume Rouge for the red feather he wore in his hat, is the leader of the party and the one to hold it together, though he accomplishes this more by the force of his character (notwithstanding the book's title) than by the mere fact that absolute authority was invested in Plume Rouge by the expedition's New York backer. Aiding this is the stamina of several subordinate characters who are more convincingly portrayed than either MacKenzie or Alenn Johns.

But for a wealth of dramatic detail that succeeds in sustaining the interest, the narrative would be considerably weakened by the lack of facility in the dialogue. The author has made a conscious effort at reticence of dialogue as an adjunct to a kind of journalistic realism, with the result that the characters emerge too slowly to allow for their development through the pell-mell rush of magnitudinous events that ought most certainly to have had a greater effect on them—especially on the women—than is evident. As individuals of static strength and weakness from the start, their endurance through the onslaught of dynamic forces is a bit unbelievable. The cataclysmic events are not sufficient even in the case of the emotionally unstable Louise to shake the delicate balance between her tottering reason and the slight restraining force exercised by her natural viciousness.

John Upton Terrell

Despite these limitations and an occasional lack of smoothness in bridging chapters that suggests considerable final cutting, the work stands up as a vivid revelation. The book is to be commended as a definite break with the traditional and more familiar heroic-glamour pattern for fiction based on epic-making periods of history.

Macardle . . .

THE UNINVITED. By Dorothy Macardle. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 342 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

SPIRITS have haunted old houses before, and probably will so long as novels are written. There is no reason why ghost stories should not continue to entertain and enthrall, but one condition must absolutely be observed. It's the old matter of willing suspension of disbelief. Either we believe, so long as the book is open anyway, in ghosts, or the whole thing is off. That is where Miss Macardle falls down, and why, incidentally, there are so few good ghost stories. It happens that even her live characters are somehow dull and uninteresting, stock figures with the dust still on them, with a great deal of gay, brave, nonsensical chatter issuing as from a used sound-track. As for the ghosts, we don't recognize them. They are supposed to be there, and Roddy and Pam believe they are there, and others too, but the idea just doesn't take root. Atmosphere, density, realism, these are missing. The thing winds up in a fire that seems to clear the situation, but it was never serious. If a ghost can't convince you he's there, what kind of ghost is that?

A First Novel "Discovery" which the *New York Times* calls: "Mighty stimulating and interesting."

Tad Potter

By ASA WILGUS

"A fine gusty farm story with something of the flavor and essential strength of *The Yearling* and of *Hold Autumn in Your Hand.* Yet it is widely different, because Tad Potter is a very different person from the boy in one story or the man in the other. . . .

"The novel does a fine job of portraying Tad's struggle with his conflicting loves for Inez and the farm, his brave effort to conquer the blinding rages that sometimes consumed him, and his avid absorption of Waldo's teaching. . . . The novel is told by Tad, and as the story progresses, its style subtly and effectively changes with Tad's development . . . keen character drawing. . . .

"Makes even the most citified reader see and feel the robust enjoyment of country life." — Beatrice Sherman, *New York Times* $2.50

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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Riess . . .

HIGH STAKES. By Curt Riess. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOLLOMB

EVEN writers who are more at home in fiction than Curt Riess seems to be in this novel of Nazi espionage in America find spy stuff in this war strangely hard to bring excitingly alive. One reason for this is that in the First World War the individual spy was given sizeable assignments and latitude, which produced such figures as Mata Hari, Louise de Bettignies, Wassmuss, the German counterpart of Lawrence of Arabia, and Lawrence himself. Today the spy operates no longer as an individual but as part of an army and his assignment is correspondingly limited and less likely to strike the imagination.

In "High Stakes" it is not only the material that falls short of being exciting but also the author's fiction. Curt Riess's other books, "Total Espionage" and "Underground Europe" are factual but they make their impact on the imagination because the author, a newspaperman, reports his facts and leaves the rest to the reader. But when he sets forth some of this material as a novel, in "High Stakes," the imagination is left unmoved.

He has either not taken the pains to feel his material and his characters deeply enough to set up a contagious excitement in the reader, or else fiction is not for Mr. Riess. His cast is so numerous that they clutter up the mind. He changes his scenes so often, several times in a single page, that the effect is not cumulative but confusing.

The author says in a foreword, "The characters in this book are *not* wholly fictitious. Any similarity to persons and events is *not* coincidental." Readers will recognize persons and events of the last two years in America, Nazi agents and agencies, their intrigues and how they were liquidated. This should make for added interest, the appeal of the *roman à clef*. But the reader finds that his own recollection of Nazi espionage in America is more exciting than the author's treatment of it. As for the invented characters, they are stock numbers out of hackneyed fiction.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 436)

EMILY BRONTË:
TO IMAGINATION

And truth may rudely trample down
The flowers of fancy newly-blown.
. . . . . .
Yet still in evening's quiet hour,
With never-failing thankfulness,
I welcome thee, benignant power,
Sure solacer of human cares,
And brighter hope when hope despairs.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CLUES TO FAMOUS SHORT STORIES

Mr. A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, is the author of this week's quiz. From the unique clues given below, can you recall these ten well-known short stories and then tie them up with their authors? Six correct answers is par, seven is good, and eight or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. A young man rides home with a well-wrapped duck fastened to his saddle. ( ) S. V. Benét
2. A king becomes a general simply by having a new uniform painted on him. ( ) Conrad
3. One man and two women present a problem but do not furnish a solution. ( ) Doyle
4. The immediate purpose of a trowel is to build but its ultimate purpose is to destroy. ( ) Harte
5. "Do or die" is a motto which, in time, becomes an imperative command. ( ) Irving
6. The deuce of clubs serves very well as a P.P.C. card. ( ) Kipling
7. A ventilator which does not ventilate may, however, illuminate. ( ) O. Henry
8. Blockaded in a corner by a chair, a visitor listens to a monotonous narrative. ( ) Poe
9. Using his own blood for ink, a man writes a perfectly good signature. ( ) Stockton
10. A bank president takes unusual interest in a window shade. ( ) Twain

Boecop . . .

ROOTS. By Baroness van Boecop. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1942. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MALCOLM ROSHOLT

IT is strange indeed that the Dutch, after nearly 300 years in Java, were unable to dig their roots in firm enough to resist the approaching storm. With 47 million native roots on the island of Java we are forced to wonder how it could have happened that 85 enemy transports and a few planes were able to come ashore with such facility, hardly a single native root entangling the invader's feet. By indirection we are given to understand that the Dutch realized their mistake—the mistake of scraping the top soil off the native roots so that their own roots in Holland might be made more firm. But unfortunately they realized too late.

There are no regrets in Marijn van der Veen who, born in Java, schooled in Holland, escapes the German occupation to return to "our Indies." He returns to the big plantation fully intending to carry on as his father before him. Only the grim tide of events makes him see that the old day of imperialism is at an end, even for Holland, even for Marijn van der Veen. And Marijn's friends are given to wondering about the new American imperialism. They, who failed to make the old imperialism pay, now wonder if Americans might not take over and create a protectorate of the Indies after the war is won. They need not worry. But it is certain that the American way will never tolerate the exploitation of 70 million people in the Indies by a chosen few, we—Americans—who carried the idea of freedom and independence to the Philippines. We found it paid to treat our brown brothers as equals. And yet, even in late 1940 when I was in Java, how many times did I not hear the Dutch say, as I had heard Englishmen say before them in Hongkong, "You Amerr-icans spoil the Filipinos."

"Roots" is a readable story. It includes a variety of excitement—international trains, escapes, hideaways, moments of love and passion, hard car sleepers, stinking humans caged in boxcars, passports, Jews, visas, immigration officials, and Russian *papirosses*. It gives us a taste of the mystery of life in the Indies, the strange stories repeated among the planters, native taboos, preparation for war *et al.* Occasionally there are rare shots in the dark of great truths and beauty which the Dutch Baroness (born French) probes, but it is only a glimpse.

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TO THE INHERITORS OF A WORLD WITHOUT HITLER

(*Continued from page* 5)

by monetary standards alone, and be guided by some standards of distinction. Let us hope for an aristocracy of worth, and in it give our respect to each man who does well whatever job he may be asked to do. It is not by penalizing the few but by improving the many that the future will justify the present. Do not allow the materialism of a materialistic age to persuade you that the "haves" and the "have nots" are divided, like sheep from the goats, merely on the basis of their bank accounts.

This double life which lies ahead will be no new experience for those of us who survive these war years. We are accustomed just now both to living doubly and to hearing doubly. We are the only generation challenged—or if you prefer, fated—to live at a moment in history when the *double-entendre* has lost all connection whatsoever with laughter. I presume there is not one of us who in these days is not aware of the duality of those forces which rage hourly within us all. There is not one of us, I venture to say, who has not felt deep within himself the conflict between that vast, far-flung, and impersonal thing known as "it" and what remains of him as an individual. There is also the conflict between what is our knowledge of this melancholy present and what are our hopes for a better world. Then, there is the incessant inner opposition of those few things which remain to us in the way of private pleasures.

There are, of course, other conflicts, other inner dualities. And they are countless. But among all of them there is one which just now is most frequently forgotten, and which seems to me to be one of the most important of the lot. This is the conflict which rages within us all between the values born of the urgencies of this emergency moment and those values which we know speak for what is abidingly decent.

Let no one tell you that the arts are effete. If you would find, as each man must, a point for life, you will find it in them. Don't forget, in this world where man's best talents of invention have had to be squandered on the weapons of annihilation, that his spirit is sustained by values which lie beyond the wounds his body may bear. Forget that embarrassment in the presence of beauty which we for so many years have had to number among our national shortcomings. Let us hope that in the future we will likewise—all of us—be able to bury that sense of Calvinistic shame which, again as a people, we have so frequently felt in pleasure. This changing world will not have changed in vain if, in addition to bettering man's economic life, it enriches all men with those joys which cannot be budgeted, and which lie beyond the blood, sweat, and tears of even the most peaceful living.

As a person who has written and talked about the theatre without shame and only with pride in these black days, may I confess to you what has given me the temerity to do so? The theatre, may I quickly add, is merely symptomatic of the other arts. I have cared passionately, even in a war-torn world, about the productions, good, bad, and indifferent, on Broadway. I have cared about them and dared to continue discussing them, not because what any one of them represents seems to me to be important, but because the values represented by them all are among the most mobilizing reasons we now have for being, as a free people, grimly engaged in this war.

As the slaughter and sacrifices have risen, I have become increasingly convinced that the death march they play must be only an overture to the better days to follow; that joy is civilized man's privilege, and that tragic ecstasy finds him for once sharing in the sublime. We have been told again and again of recent years that we are the arsenal for democracy. May I remind you that we are the arsenal for much more than merely the arms of democracy, though of them we cannot just now get enough? We are also the arsenal for the values of democracy; paramount among which is the right of free men to express and enjoy themselves freely. We are the last great repository of the arts, and all of the decent aspirations for which they stand known to this melancholy world. We as a nation have gone through, and come out of, that anguishing period of The Everlasting Nay and The Everlasting Yea which was faced and triumphed over by the hero of Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." And, like Carlyle's hero, I think we must say daily to ourselves just now—

"Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work."

In Polonius's words: "There; my blessing with thee! And these few precepts in thy memory."

Shows a kinship with Arnold Bennett at his best . . . Miss deFord has done a first rate job . . . she throws a dire illumination on much that is human."
—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune* BOOKS

"Excellent psychological novel."
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"An honest and able bit of naturalistic writing."
New York World-Telegram

"Miss deFord writes with a good deal of skill. She knows a lot about human beings, and tells about them in an engrossing narrative."
—*Hartford Times*

SHAKEN WITH THE WIND

by Miriam Allen deFord

Just Published $2.50
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The Phoenix Nest

The Black Cat Comes Back

THIS will be positively the last *Nest* featuring that small and long-ago magazine to which we unwisely referred! It seems that *Black Cat* admirers are still many. First we wish to thank John Valentine of South Monroe Street, Decatur, Illinois, for sending us a bibliography called Ephemeral Bibelots, a Bibliography of the Modern Chap-Books and their Imitators." It was written by Frederick Winthrop Faxon and sold for twenty-five cents in 1903 when it was published in Boston by the Boston Book Company of 83-91 Francis Street, Back Bay.

"This," says John Valentine, "appears complete. In it you will find all the old small magazines (to 1903) from *Angel's Food* through *Black Cat, Gray Goose, Kiote, Kit-Kats, Lucky Dog, Magpie, Owl, Thrush, White Elephant, White Rabbit,* and *Yellow Dog.* A veritable menagerie. Note that *The Book of the Month* (p. 9) shows that someone had the idea long ago!" That Book of the Month was published monthly in Yonkers, beginning April, 1903. There was *The Chap-Book,* of Chicago, of course, to which our Father used to subscribe. There was the equally famous *Lark* of San Francisco, in which appeared the first Goops, there was even *The Literary Review,* "a monthly journal of belles lettres," reminding us of the original title of the journal in which we now write. There was *Miss Blue Stocking* of Boston, and *The New Bohemian* of Cincinnati—but still we crave news of that old Western *Blue Mule,* circa 1908 or so! Of course there was *The Philistine* of East Aurora—and does anyone now recall Robert W. Chambers's clever take-off in "Iole" of Elbert Hubbard, his works and ways?

Now for George Steele Seymour, of the Order of Bookfellows, Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. He writes:

> My contribution to the symposium is this: One of the most prominent contributors to *Black Cat* was Cleveland Moffett, a newspaper man, who wrote a story called, "The Mysterious Card." It was about a card that passed from hand to hand, bringing bad luck wherever it went. There was no explanation. A death occurred at the end of the story, and that was that. Nobody who remained to tell the story knew what was on the card.
>
> As a very young man I used to go to Maria's Italian Restaurant in—was it West 10th Street? It was near Sixth Avenue, and I believe Julian Street has written it up. There one night Cleveland Moffett told the story of the Mysterious Card. It had not yet been published but was hovering on the verge of publication. It was such a success that Moffett was moved to write a sequel which he called, "The Mysterious Card Unveiled." In this he had someone finally corner the card, and when the eyes of the last man struck the pasteboard, every particle of writing had faded.
>
> Cleveland Moffett was one of the habitués of Maria's and wrote one of the theme-songs of that establishment which were chanted by the customers every Saturday night. It went in part:
>
> We sing Maria's joyous nights,
> The meeting of spaghetti-ites.
> Some come here their clothes to show
> And some should use Sapolio.
> Fair ladies give our gathering tone,
> Alas, they seldom come alone!
>
> That is all I remember of it. There were other theme-songs, one I believe was written by Mickey Finn of the N. Y. *Sun.* He often acted as toastmaster.

Earle Walbridge of New York contributes some meritorious agenda, viz:

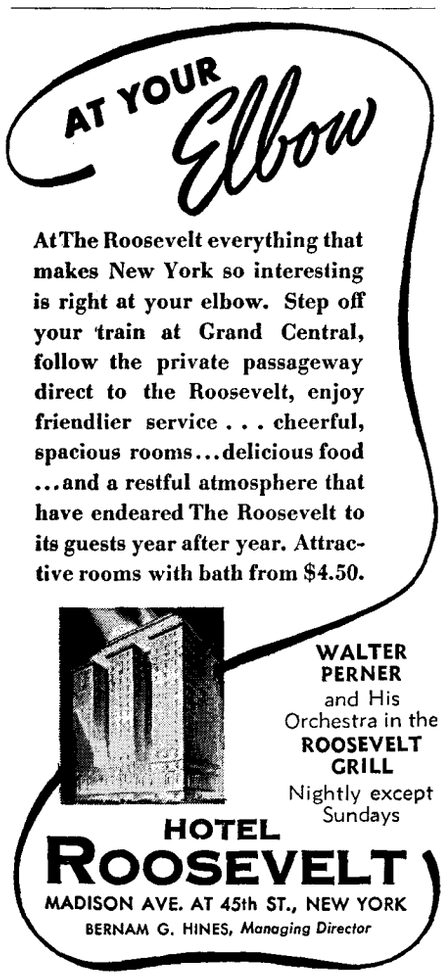
> Stray copies of the *Black Cat* used to hang on the outskirts of the stacks of the *Strand, Pearson's, McClure's, Everybody's, Munsey's,* and the other magazines which were my special charge, in the Vermont farmhouse attic. It was on the family Index along with *Smart Set* and *Ainslee's,* as improper reading for the young, so naturally it got read first. The result was an occasional nightmare, but wotthehell?
>
> I have been looking over the incomplete file in the New York Public Library, and renewing my youth with those advertisements of Pettijohn, Lowney's Chocolates, and so on. The magazine was launched in 1895, so that its period *was* fifty years ago, or nearly so. The publishers were the Shortstory Publishing Co., 144 High Street, Boston. Walter Wellman (the balloonist and father of Rita Wellman) won a prize for one story; Jack London in December 1900 had a cheery little item, "Semper Idem," about a derelict who got his throat cut twice. Other recognizable names (1895-1900) were Henry Wallace Phillips, Miriam Michelson (author of that early crook masterpiece, "In the Bishop's Carriage"), Sewell Ford, Grace MacGowan Cooke, and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
>
> Speaking of the Fortean Society—you don't know the rich and strange, not to say cosmic, theories of Charles (Hoy) Fort, 1874-1932, author of "The Book of the Damned," "New Lands, Lo!," and "Wild Talents?" Booth Tarkington once called him a mixture of Cagliostro and St. John the Divine, "and with a gorgeous madman's humor." Read all about him in "Twentieth Century Authors," promised by the H. W. Wilson Company for September (I wrote the Fort biog.)

We also thank for communications Earle Cornwall of Los Angeles, Louis E. Asher of Chicago, who calls *The Chap-Book* "the aristocrat of them all" ("What Maisie Knew" by Henry James first appearing therein in serial form), and W. G. Dodd of Florida State College for Women, whom we quote in part:

> I can remember only two stories from *Black Cat.* One was about a man who in the depth of night entered a vault in which was deposited the body of his recent enemy. To satisfy his hatred a little more he plunged a dagger into the dead body. But in swinging his own body in order to add weight to the stab, he also swung his coat tail around and the dagger pierced the coat and pinned him to the corpse! He thought the dead man had grabbed him—and died of terror! I remember this because I had heard it somewhere before I read it.
>
> The other story, which appeared in the same copy, I saw first in 1896, was by Cleveland Moffett. It is told of a man in a Paris cafe. A stranger handed him a card on which some cryptic words were written. When the man asked the waiter what the words meant, he (the waiter), horrified, called the manager, who glanced at the card and ordered the man to leave the cafe at once. The man then showed the card to the Manager of the Hotel where he was staying, whereupon the Manager demanded that he leave the hotel forthwith. And so on——

This story was retold in the "Who Wrote This?" series in the *S.R.L.* Apparently it is one of the classics and should be in all good mystery anthologies!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.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Apparitionist Adventures

LAND OF UNREASON. By Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp. New York: Henry Holt. 1942. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

FLETCHER PRATT and L. Sprague de Camp—co-authors of "The Incomplete Enchanter," famed military experts, inventors of war games, students of mythology and antique lore, and literary magicians of no small skill—have written a curious and equivocal fairy tale for moderns—1942. Bombs, magic incantations, knights in shining armor, kobolds, Titania, Oberon, World War No. II, and exotic enchantresses are all delightfully, pointedly, and surrealistically commingled. Titania is strangely reminiscent of Gypsy Rose Lee and Hirudia, the land of the leeches, of Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, and Company.

It all begins, as any good fairy tale should, quite reasonably and on the evening of June 23, Mid-summer Night's Eve. Upon this Eve, Yorkshiremen have always set out a bowl of milk for the Little People, and neither a milk shortage nor a current visit from the Luftwaffe prevented the observance of this tradition in the Gurton household. Fred Barber, young American diplomat bombed out of an United States Embassy "somewhere in—" and now recuperating, at the Gurton's, from shock and a head injury, saw no harm in substituting his "hefty dram" of Scotch for this milk. He loved milk. He preferred it even to Scotch. He found it more soporific. And he did need sleep. This milk was, however, different. It not only put him to sleep, but it knocked him clear into the Land of Unreason. Fred's first intimation of his new-found domain was a remarkable apparition with a comic-strip face. His second intimation was more tangible. She had a throaty contralto, and she was "built on the ample lines of a show-girl chorus he had once seen, justifiably advertised as the 'Ten Titanic Swede-hearts.'" When "some thing or somebody" called him a changeling and tried to diaper him, he suddenly realized that it was time to assert himself, and soon he found himself the hero of a series of remarkable adventures. There is a fantastic conclusion which it would be impolitic to reveal.

There are humor and suspense in these pages and an easy erudition. There is also an underlying but unmistakable commentary on the world of today and its incessant "shapings." Both Mr. Pratt and Mr. de Camp have a robust and ready wit, a well developed sense of the climactic, and an exhaustive knowledge of the Land of All Make-believe. This streamlined, adult, 1942 glimpse of Oz is perfect hot-weather reading.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEVIL LOVES ME *Margaret Millar* (Crime Club: $2.)	Poisoned bridesmaid stops Dr. Prye's Toronto wedding. She recovers, but 3 die violently before Dr. and Insp. Sands trap slayer.	Too-cautious planning of hard-to-guess killer finally plays into hands of sleuthing duo. Good characters and excellent conversation.	Satisfactory
MURDER CALLING "50" *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Manhattan business man strangled during blackout. Lush female later despatched likewise. Insp. Schmidt, on the spot, solves killings in jigtime.	Careful murderer uses air raid drill to cover up crime but Schmitty outguesses him in tale with many interesting and amusing characters.	Lively
MURDER AMONG FRIENDS *Lange Lewis* (Bobbs, Merrill: $2.)	West Coast medical school shocked by poisoning of Dean's ex-secretary. Overworked detective Tuck probes girl's past and makes amazing find.	Blood-chilling atmosphere of opening chapters followed by interesting, if confused, manhunt with an unusual conclusion.	Out-of-the-ordinary
DEATH WALKS THE DRY TORTUGAS *M. P. Rea* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fort Jefferson tourist party reduced by two murders. Attempt at third reveals killer. Observant amateurs operate capably.	Eerie surroundings of crumbling Civil War prison-fort and odd lot of characters more interesting than murders though plotting is competent.	Average

A LETTER FROM

William Lyon Phelps

TO PERCIVAL WILDE,
author of INQUEST,
about his new
murder mystery,
TINSLEY'S BONES

"You have outdone yourself and defeated the most difficult of all rivals, your own past.

"This is the most subtle, ironical, brilliant, clever book you have written; and it rises to an unexpected and exciting climax."

TINSLEY'S BONES

by Percival Wilde

$2.00, A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

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TRADE WINDS

NOW THAT Amy Loveman's dinner has been such a whopping success, we hope that next year a similar occasion will be arranged to honor another great lady of the publishing fraternity, Miss Mildred Smith, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*. Miss Smith has been working with Fred Melcher at the Bowker Company since 1919, and in that time there's scarcely a living soul in the book business who hasn't had good cause to thank her at least once for some shrewd advice or friendly help.

Mildred was born in Smethport, Pa., raised in Buffalo, and graduated from Wellesley in the Class of 1914. She returned there for her M.A. in 1922. She also took the famous Kittredge course on Shakespeare at Radcliffe. These facts help to explain why the *Publishers' Weekly* is the most impeccably edited trade magazine in the country.

Twenty-four years ago Mildred Smith came to New York with a note of introduction to Fred Melcher. He spoke to her only a few moments, but phoned her no fewer than five times in the next two days before he found her in and told her that the job was hers. Fred knew when he had a good thing! Mildred was never officially designated as editor of P.W. After a few years of apprenticeship, she began to sign editorials, and gradually it became understood by the entire trade that she and Mr. Melcher were co-editors of the *Weekly*. Upon the death of Mr. Bowker, she became a member of the Board of Directors.

Under her watchful eye a number of assistant editors have flowered into important figures in the literary world. Josiah Titzell, Weldon Reynolds, and Sanford Cobb served as her lieutenants in turn, and since 1936 she's had the likeliest of the lot in the person of Gene Armfield. Several publishers have made exploratory gestures in his direction, but Mildred can sense an attack before it is even formulated in the enemy's mind, and carries a special supply of prussic acid to thwart their designs.

The circulation of *Publishers' Weekly* is now above 9,000, an all-time high. It is strictly a trade publication, of course, but is endlessly intriguing to anybody who is interested in books. More and more laymen are subscribing to it and enjoying it. One man told me that the publishers' advance advertisements alone were worth the five dollars a year to him. Louis Greene rounds up all those advertisements, while Albert Crone guides the circulation, but Mildred Smith watches over just about everything else in P.W. This department adores her! . . .

IN THIS WEEK'S MAIL: Anne Ford, Little, Brown's crackerjack publicity director, writes that after many weeks of deliberation the judges of the Eighth Atlantic $10,000 Novel Contest regretfully decided that not one of the 646 manuscripts submitted was good enough to deserve the prize, and called all bets off for the year. Good for the judges! A few more honest decisions of that sort, and prize novel contests may begin to mean something again! . . . Mrs. Margaret Dilkes of Philadelphia writes that her son George Dilkes, formerly V.P. of the *SRL*, "has gone to get at 'em." Here's good luck to the Dilkeses, one and all . . . David Pottinger points out that the Harvard University Press has published several elementary Japanese texts, including two dictionaries. Furthermore, the Press has just taken over from the Harvard-Yenching Institute the publication of two volumes of elementary and intermediate Chinese. Mr. Pottinger avers that the Harvard University Press is the largest publisher of Chinese and Japanese books in all of the Americas, and who are we to dispute him?

JUST TO SHOW you how a book publisher gets about, we spent a morning last week at the graduation exercises of the John Powers Models School, and gulped appreciatively when we saw ugly ducklings transformed into glamorous sirens literally before our eyes. These young ladies are taught to walk, posture, articulate, smile, add a gadget here and there to provide the proper curve, and, in short, take every kind of unfair advantage of saps like ourselves who always thought that they were born that way. Armed with our new knowledge, we trudged back to the office, and gave some wonderful bits of advice to our secretary Jezebel, who hit us that very afternoon for a five-dollar raise. . . .

THREE TRIPLE-A motion pictures will be coming your way in the course of the next few weeks. Walt Disney's "Bambi" is probably the last full-length feature that he will do until the war is over. Technically it is Disney's masterpiece, and little Thumper is the most endearing addition to his gallery since Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs. Irving Berlin's "Holiday Inn" is a joyous musical, with lilting Berlin melodies, dances by the incomparable Fred Astaire, and warbling by Bing Crosby, and a lovely new girl named Marjorie Reynolds. MGM has made a notable picture of "The War Comes to Mrs. Hadley," by George Oppenheimer, formerly of the Viking Press, and now one of the top-ranking scenario fashioners in all Hollywood. May we also warn you at this time about a little number called "Her Cardboard Lover," produced by the same MGM that gives us "Mrs. Hadley" and "Mrs. Miniver." In any other industry everybody connected with such a horror would be fired forthwith for rank incompetency. In Hollywood, however, most of the culprits probably got a raise in salary. The Capitol Theatre in New York has now shown "I Married an Angel" and "Her Cardboard Lover" in rapid succesSion, and several people suspect that it is part of the government campaign to toughen up our citizenry.

A forthcoming picture from England called "The Next of Kin" is reported to be the most exciting British film since "Night Train." And Noel Coward has just finished, after a year's work, a picture about life aboard a British destroyer, written, directed, and starred in by himself. The character he portrays is said to be modelled on Lord Mountbatten, who had four boats shot from under him but didn't suffer a single scratch until the day the Navy goat at Norfolk bit him in the pants.

That's all our movie news for the moment. The *Hollywood Reporter* has been devoting more and more space of late to the book business, and we thought it only sporting to return the compliment. . . .

HAMISH ("JAMIE") HAMILTON, eminently successful and attractive young English publisher, is in New York on a mission for His Majesty's Government. "Just what are you up to?" we asked Jamie. "Has the story reached you yet," he answered, "of the two young ladies who were dining together at Lyon's? One of them asked 'Is your boy friend a free thinker?' The other replied, 'Bless me! 'e 'ardly ever thinks of hanything helse!'

We guess it's secret business that brings Mr. Hamilton to us. . . .

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

9. Benét: The Devil and Daniel Webster.
5. Conrad: Youth.
7. Doyle: The Speckled Band.
6. Harte: The Outcasts of Poker Flat.
2. Irving: Rip Van Winkle.
1. Kipling: The Brushwood Boy.
10. O. Henry: Friends in San Rosario.
4. Poe: The Cask of Amontillado.
3. Stockton: The Lady or the Tiger.
8. Twain: The Jumping Frog.

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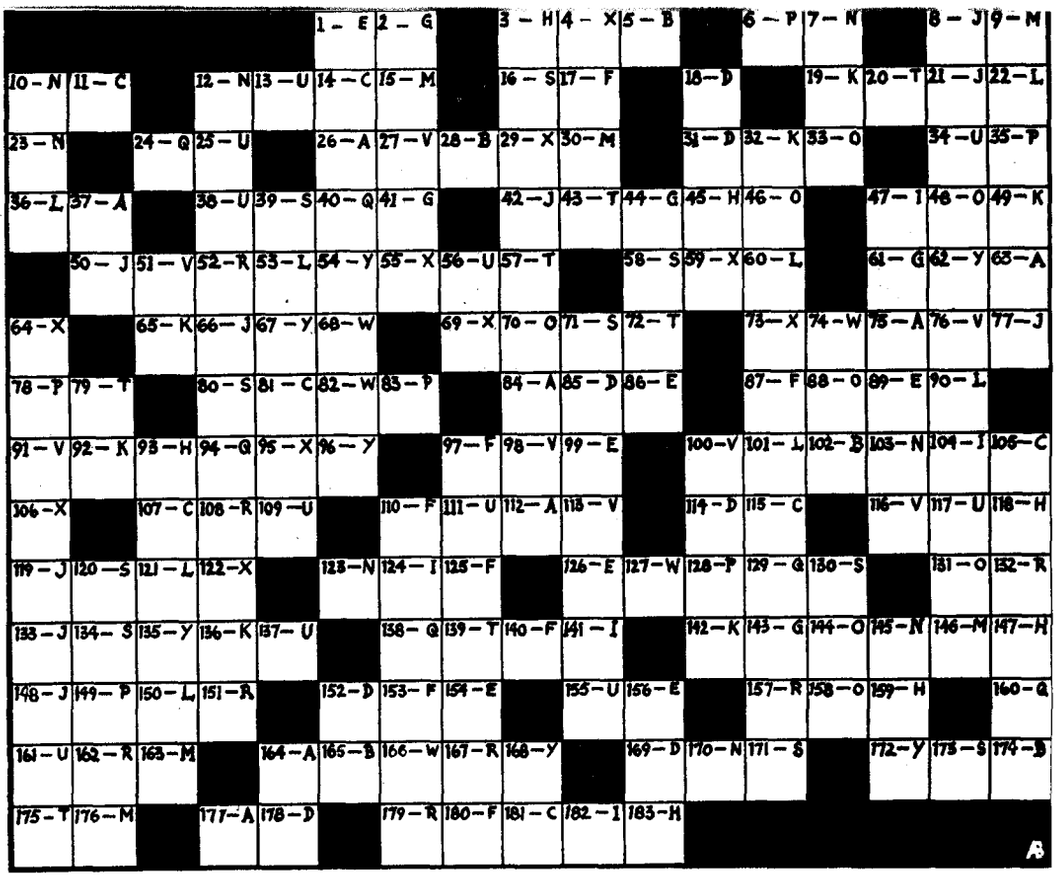
The Crostics Club

IT is not unusual for us to receive letters accusing our DCs of corrupting family or individual morals. The *SRL* was once so concerned over a letter from a housekeeper to the effect that if the DCs continued so difficult she'd have to give up her subscription for lack of time to do them, that they asked how their other puzzlers felt about the matter. Whereupon came a contrite confession from the writer, regretting the stir her letter had made and acknowledging that she personally really liked them difficult but that her husband and son resented the time taken from their companionship!

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lyman, until recently of Union Theological, once wrote a jolly letter to us exposing the family situation on the arrival of the *SRL* weekly at their summer home. Each grabbed for the DCs and when a compromise was reached to do it together, the competition was anything but fair or orderly. . . . Now along comes Louis Blake Duff, President of the Niagara Finance Company, Ltd., of Welland, Canada, whose cheerful letters in earlier days were so comforting. He says that for these many years he has been doing our DCs unashamed. Recently an insurance agent was expounding the system used for evaluating a candidate for that position. Among the questions asked was this: "Do you like doing crossword puzzles?" When Mr. Duff asked him the significance of the question, he replied that crossword puzzlers are introverts and rarely become efficient in insurance. And Mr. Duff adds lugubriously, "Who knows what I might have become had it not been for you?" . . . Another loyal financier DCer is Samuel D. Davis of San Francisco, who usually follows up the selection of the week by a call at the library for the volume from which it is taken. . . . Friend Richardson, Ex-Governor of California, an acquaintance of Mr. Davis, has on several occasions written of his pleasure in the utilization of his fund of knowledge in solving DCs.

There came to hand yesterday as if made to order a case of what I mean when I say that *flexibility* is the open sesame to working a DC to its conclusion. In a DC for my fall book I had omitted an *s* from the middle of the Acrostic. Aside from the annoyance of making over my diagram, it meant the breaking up of some words to evolve the omitted one to begin with *s*. In thought the proposition was trying, but a glance at the words was reassuring. From *Lares* came *s*, leaving *Lear;* from *Duster* came *er;* from *Ironies* came *ies* to contrive *Series.* All such errors are not so easily remedied, but without flexibility the task would have involved the remaking of the whole DC.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 437

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A spiny, deep-rooted tree or shrub of S. W.-U. S. A. and Mexico.

B. Known as the *Gem State* (U. S.)

C. A Whiteboy (Irish Hist.; 1761).

D. Title and Moslem hero of a poem by Southey (1801).

E. Umpires; arbiters.

F. The *Abbey* home of Byron.

G. Mixture of spirit and sweetened hot water.

H. Subjected one to unnecessary violence, as in football.

I. Cousin of Saul and one of his Generals (Browning's *Saul*).

J. The center of the guilds in *The Meistersinger* (Wagner).

K. Twisted, contorted.

L. Educated.

M. Conversant or familiar with a subject (phrase).

N. Filled with gratitude.

O. Boundlessness.

P. Author of "Satire Against Virtue" (1681).

Q. Author of "The Dream of Gerontius."

R. Title page, contents and the like, of a book.

S. A type of chasuble (Eccles.)

T. Fretful, querulous.

U. A brief respite (2 wds.)

V. A sea wall (local).

W. Averse, reluctant.

X. Officially intrusive.

Y. Laid aside; inclined gradually.

WORDS

37 112 164 26 75 177 84 63

28 5 174 165 102

105 115 181 11 107 14 81

178 85 18 31 152 114 169

156 99 154 126 1 86 89

153 180 87 17 110 140 97 125

61 143 41 44 2

183 118 147 3 93 159 45

47 104 124 182 141

148 119 50 21 8 77 66 133 42

92 142 65 32 19 136 49

121 36 60 53 150 101 22 90

9 30 163 146 15 176

12 7 123 170 10 145 103 23

88 48 131 158 144 70 33 46

6 78 149 35 128 83

40 138 160 129 94 24

132 151 157 167 108 179 162 52

80 89 130 171 58 134 120 16 173 71

175 79 72 139 43 57 20

56 111 25 137 109 155 13 117 161 38 34

91 76 27 116 113 51 98 100

68 82 166 74 127

64 29 106 122 69 59 73 4 95 55

172 62 168 54 135 67 96

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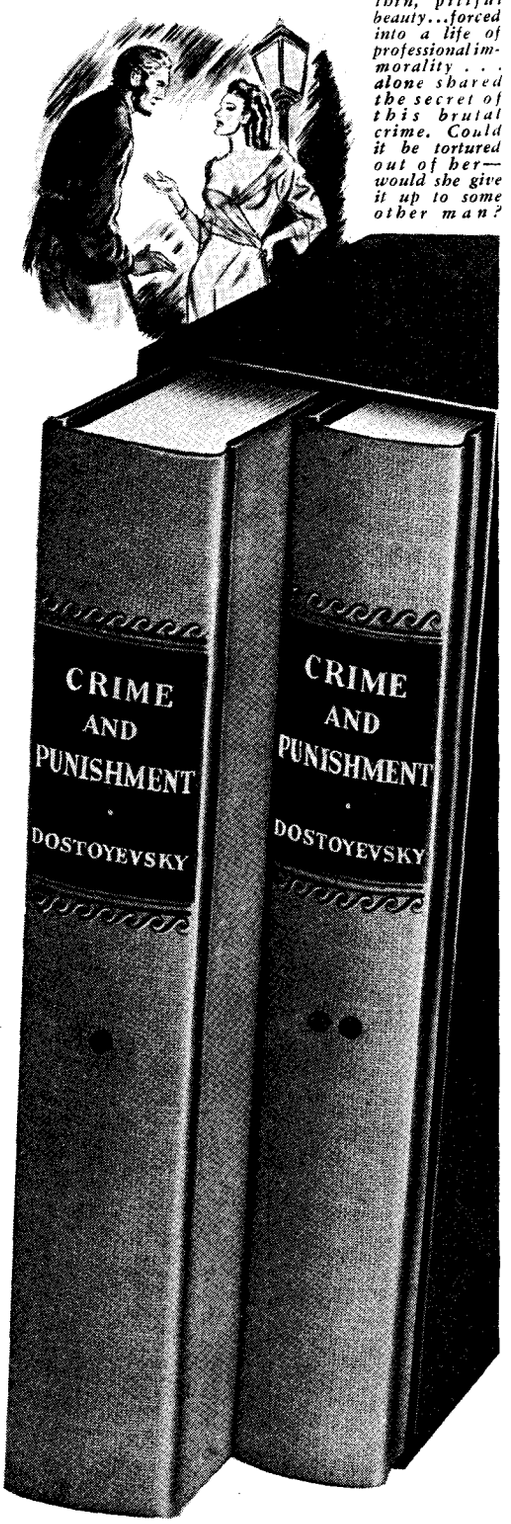

Sonia, in her thin, pitiful beauty...forced into a life of professional immorality . . . alone shared the secret of this brutal crime. Could it be tortured out of her—would she give it up to some other man?

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